

255.4  
C 389  
v. 1-2

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

# The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 7.]

JANUARY, 1857.

[PRICE 1½d.

## LILIAS GRIEVE.

THERE were fear and melancholy in all the glens and valleys that lay stretching around or down upon St. Mary's Loch, for it was the time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted on the hill side and in the hollow; some had felt the fire and been consumed, and violent hands had torn off the turf roof from the green shealing of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts in which the fox had kennelled were now the shelter of christian souls—and when a lonely figure crept stealthily from one hiding-place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps now rare in the desert. When the babe was born, there might be none near to baptise it, or the minister, driven from his kirk, perhaps poured the sacramental water upon its face from some pool in the glen whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals now were unfrequent, and in the solemn sadness of love. Many died before their time, of minds sunken and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

But this is the dark side of the picture; for, even in their caves, were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like wild flowers that blossomed all about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born,

it belonged to the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate, the wild were tamed, the unfeeling made compassionate; hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul, and so was it now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, austere, impenetrable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break; the calm serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes and unblanched cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer; the silent beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death; and the mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dewdrops on the greensward and died fearlessly by their parents' sides.

In those days had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house, willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, whenever God should appoint. They were now childless; but a little granddaughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her that, although it sometimes gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyousness of her girlhood; and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grandmother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed at last, and our



heads in the mould, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fold her bonnie wings?"

Lilias Grieve was the Shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill side, and over into some of the neighbouring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful churchyard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where, on still sunny days, she could see their shadows in the waters of the loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and day after day the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knowe, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

"My fairy," was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Lilias well; for she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green graceful plants that grow among the hills were wreathed round her hair. So was she dressed one Sabbath day, watching her flock, at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm, on the solitary moor; when, in a moment, a party of soldiers were upon a mount, on the opposite side of a narrow dell. Lilias was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass, but her sweet voice had betrayed her; and then, one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes, as she sprung frightened to her feet, and called out—"A roe, a roe; see how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport half in ferocity. Lilias kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew as on wings across a piece of black heathy moss full of pits and hollows—and still the soldier kept the musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor little innocent child; but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth

turf, till, like a cushat, she dropped into a little birchen glen and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard; she seemed to have sunk into the ground; and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke towards the spot where she had vanished.

A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party as they sat down together upon a ledge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as the ball went whizzing past her ear? She was certainly one of those hill fairies, else she had been dead as a herring; but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair as against a buckler." "By St. George, it was the act of a gallows rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy, and you deserve the weight of his hand—the hand of an Englishman, you brute—for your cruelty;" and up rose the speaker to put his threat in execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket; but the Englishman ran upon him, and with a Cumberland grip and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned and almost insensible. "That serves him right, Allan Sleigh; as to fairies, why, look ye, 'tis a likely place enough for such creatures: if this be one, it is the first I ever saw."

After an hour's quarrelling, and gibing, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw in the solitude the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded, to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious epithets. The hut was soon rifled of any small articles of wearing apparel; and Samuel, without any emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they in their parental hearts that their little Lilias was among the hills; and the old man trusted that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see from some distance their muskets on the green before



the door, and hide herself among the bracken.

The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last, one of the party ordered him to return thanks, in words impious and full of blasphemy, which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting Covenanter, I will prick him with my bayonet if he won't say grace;" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead. The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant bloodthirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who swore, if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead. And, as if cruelty were contagious, almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old hypocritical knave must preach or perish.

Samuel Grieve was nearly four score; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and in his younger days he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave made his blood boil; and, as if his youth had been renewed, the grey-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed the butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As the blessed Jesus reproved Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the High Priest's servant, and said 'The cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink of it?' so now, O God, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring servant; and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words the old man knelt down unbidden; and after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes and folded his hands across his breast.

His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but O! what will become of our dear Liliast?" "God tem-

pers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his, "Sarah, be not afraid." "O Samuel, I remember at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice—"we two old grey-headed people on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready; be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven to save the lives of those two old grey-headed folk. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure; with eyes beaming lustre, and yet streaming tears; with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away, came on, over the meadow before the hut, the same green-robed creature that had startled the soldiers with her singing on the moor, and crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives," she fell down beside them, as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners threw down their muskets upon the greensward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this," exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy. "Ay, ay; you will be all happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. O! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Liliast, your father speaks unto you; his last words are, 'leave us, leave us; for they are going to put us to death.' Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Liliast, give us each a kiss, and then go into the house."

The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty smote



them to the core ; and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways. Then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilius continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into their hut ; the child between them ; and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head.—*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

#### REMARKS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE CONSIDERED AS SCRIPTURAL PROOFS OF THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

9. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever, Amen." Rom. ix. 5. It is mere assumption to refer the word God, to Christ. It is much more natural, and in harmony with the writings of Paul, to understand the last four words as an ascription of praise to God for the coming of Christ. Some of the most able Greek scholars have rendered the words thus,—*"God be blessed for ever, Amen."*

10. "God manifest in the flesh." I Tim. iii. 16. Sir Isaac Newton has incontrovertibly proved that this text should read, "which was manifested in the flesh." We believe that God was manifest in Jesus Christ, for we read that "God was with him." And God is everywhere manifest throughout creation.

11. "Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever, &c." Heb. i. 8. Granting that the term God may be, or is applied to Christ, we are informed that "God has given him a name above every name." "That God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

12. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." I. John iii. 16. "Of God" is admitted on all hands to be an interpolation, and should not have appeared in the text.

13. Christ is called the "*Image of God*" in 2nd Cor. iv. 4. "Christ who is the image of God." Col. i. 15. "Who is the image of the invisible God." Heb. i. 3. "The express image of his person." These texts are frequently cited for the proper deity of Christ. No texts of Scripture more clearly and positively

prove that Christ is not God ; for this cannot be understood of his bodily parts, but of his mental qualities ; it must be understood of his divine nature being the image of God ; and every one knows that an image is essentially different and distinct from that thing or person of which it is the likeness. Man is said to be made "*in the image of God.*" Such a text proves to all intents and purposes man is not God. Christ is "*the image of God.*" We need no clearer scriptural proof than this very fact that *Christ is not God.*

14. Phil. ii. 16. "Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." The very import of this passage expresses or implies that Christ was not God ; he was in the *form of God, i.e.* he resembled God. On this passage Milton remarks—"To be in the form of God, therefore, seems to be synonymous with being in the image of God." We are glad to know that Christ was in the form of God ; that he had divine endowments by which he spoke as never man spoke ; knew the hearts of men ; healed the sick, restored sight to the blind ; raised the dead, &c. &c. ; in short he *resembled God* and not man by the power given unto him by his Father and our Father, and his God and our God.

*Thought it not robbery to be equal with God.* How evident again is it from this passage, as it stands, he is *not* God : for it is impossible that any one can be the person to whom only they are compared or equal. But the most eminent Trinitarian theologians have conceded that this passage is very badly translated, and ought to have been rendered something like this, "*Did not covet to appear as God,*" *i.e.* though Christ was really in the form of God, he did not wish to be considered so. "But made himself of no reputation, etc." Professor Stuart, who contends earnestly for the deity of Christ, says, on this passage, "Our common version seems to render nugatory, or at least irrelevant a part of the apostle's reasoning in the passage. He is enforcing the principle of Christian humility." Robert Hall says, "We are willing to admit the correction of the common version suggested by our opponents."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## MRS. WILSON.

MRS. WILSON had fancied herself one of the subjects of an awakening at an early period of her life; had passed through the ordeal of a church examination with great credit—having depicted in glowing colours the opposition of her natural heart to the decrees, and her subsequent joy in the doctrine of election. She thus assumed the form of godliness without feeling its power. Are there not many such? some who, in those times of excitement, during which many pass from indifference to holiness, and many are converted from sin to righteousness, delude themselves and others with the vain forms of words, and professions of faith?

Mrs. Wilson was often heard to denounce those who insisted on the necessity of good works as Pharisees; she was thankful, she said, that she should not presume to appear before her Judge with any of the "filthy rags of her own righteousness;"—it would be easy getting to heaven if the work in any way depended on ourselves;—any body could "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly." How easy it is, we leave to those to determine who have sought to adjust their lives by this divine rule.

Mrs. Wilson rejected the name of the Pharisee; but the proud, oppressive bitter spirit of the Jewish bigot was manifested in the complacency with which she regarded her own faith, and the illiberality she cherished towards every person of every denomination who did not believe what she believed, and according to her rule of right. As might be expected, her family was regulated according to the "letter," but the "spirit that giveth life" was not there. Religion was the ostensible object of every domestic arrangement; but you might look in vain for the peace and good will which a voice from heaven proclaimed to be the objects of the mission of our Lord.

Mrs. Wilson's children produced such fruits as might be expected from her culture. The timid among them had recourse to constant evasion and the meanest artifices, to hide the violation of laws which they hated; and the bolder were engaged in a continual conflict with the

mother, in which rebellion often trampled on authority.

Mrs. Wilson was finally carried off by the scrofula, a disease from which she had suffered all her life, and which had probably increased the natural asperity of her temper; as all evils, physical as well as moral, certainly make us worse if they do not make us better. Her mind, no human comfort could reach; no earthly skill touch its secret springs. The disease was attended with delirium; and she had no rational communication with any one from the beginning of her illness. This, Jane afterwards sincerely deplored to Mr. Lloyd, who replied, "I would not sit like the Egyptians, in judgment on the dead. Thy aunt has gone with her record to Him who alone knoweth the record of the heart, and therefore is alone qualified to judge his creatures; but for our own benefit, Jane, and for the sake of those whose probation is not past, let us ever remember the wise saying of William Penn, "a man cannot be the better for that religion for which his neighbour is the worse." I have no doubt thy aunt has suffered some natural compunctions for her gross failure in the performance of her duties; but she felt safe in a sound faith. It is reported that one of the popes said of himself that, "as Eneas Sylvius, he was a damnable heretic, but as Pius II., an orthodox Pope.

"Then you believe," replied Jane, "that my unhappy aunt deceived herself by her clamorous profession?"

"Undoubtedly. Ought we to wonder that she effected that imposition on herself, by the aid of self-love (of all, the most binding), since we have heard, in her funeral sermon, her religious experiences detailed as the triumphs of a saint; her strict attention to religious ordinances commended, as if they were the end and not the means of a religious life; since we (who cannot remember a single gracious act of humility in her whole life), have been told, as a proof of her gracious state, that the last rational words she pronounced were, that she "was of sinners the chief?" Professions and declarations have crept in among the Protestants, to take the place of the mortifications and penances of the ancient Church; so prone are men to find some easier way to heaven than the toilsome path of obedience."



## ATONEMENT.

THE BIBLE *versus* THE CREEDS.

WE read in the Bible, that "He that justifieth the wicked and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord." "The soul that sinneth it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." "But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons." We also read that "God commendeth His love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Now if these passages teach anything, they teach that God will not punish the innocent in the room of the guilty, but that every one must suffer the penalty of whatever law he violates; that God loved the world even when lying in wickedness, and that the death of Christ was a manifestation of his love; that Christ died, not to reconcile God unto the world, but the world unto God. But turning to the creeds we find that they teach very different doctrines. They teach that God will punish the innocent in the room of the guilty; and that the death of Christ was to satisfy divine justice and turn away the wrath of an angry God. But that the reader may not charge us with saying what is not true, we will let the creeds speak for themselves. The Westminster Assembly's Catechism speaks thus:—"The Lord Jesus, by his perfect obedience and offering of himself, which he through the eternal spirit once offered unto God, hath fully satisfied the justice of his Father, and purchased not only reconciliation, but an everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of heaven, for all those the father hath given unto him." In the Methodist discipline we find the following:—"Christ truly suffered and was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile the Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men." Such is the doctrine of the creeds; it is Christ's dying in man's stead to satisfy justice and turn away the wrath of God. That we have not misrepre-

sented the creeds, or the faith of those who hold them, is evident from a few verses from Watts; verses which have been sung in nearly every orthodox congregation throughout the land, and regarded not only as good poetry, but as very good theology. The lines run thus:

"How justice frowned and vengeance stood,  
To drive me down to endless pain,  
But the great Son proposed his blood,  
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame,  
Our God appeared consuming fire  
And vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
That calmed his frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turned the wrath to grace."

Now, from all this, it would appear that the atonement taught in the creeds is this: That God was greatly offended at his creature man, and determined to have vengeance to the full for the violation of his law, wherever it might fall; that Jesus was better disposed toward the human race than his Father, and rather than see him execute his fierce and relentless vengeance upon a whole race of beings, and sink them into unceasing and hopeless wretchedness, he consented that the uplifted sword of the Father's vengeance might be bathed in his own blood; and although "he that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemned the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord," yet the Lord graciously accepted the offer, and smote in fury his unoffending Son.

But while we reject the atonement taught in the creeds, we by no means reject the atonement taught in the Bible. The atonement by Jesus Christ, as taught in the Bible, is nothing else than the reconciliation of the world unto God. In proof of this position we quote the following Scriptures: "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation: to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." "For it pleased the Father that in him (Christ) should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of the cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself." From these passages alone it is clear that the atonement taught in



the Bible is the reconciliation of the world unto God by Jesus Christ. The work is progressive, and all the labours and sufferings of Jesus are but means to its a accomplishment. The whole work was consummated in the purpose of God before the world began, and will be carried on by Jesus until that which was consummated in purpose will be actually accomplished. Then "every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord, to the Glory of God the Father."

Such, then, are the two views held on the doctrine of the Atonement. The Trinitarian view we have stated in the words of their own creeds and hymns, that they regard it as the crowning beauty of the Christian religion. We cannot view it in any other light than a mere medley of injustice, contradictions, and absurdity, alleged against the Deity, who is infinitely wiser and better, more merciful and kind than any human being; yet in this picture he is presented to the minds of millions of his creatures who would disdain to be guilty of the same conduct towards even an erring brother; and thus from these false views of God's government may a man think himself "more just than God and more pure than his Maker."

#### THE INDIAN'S TRUST.

*(From the Diary of an Army Surgeon of 1818.)*

"It was far away on the banks of the Mississippi that I often heard of an aged Indian woman, reputed to be upwards of one hundred years old, who was an oracle among her people, and I thought some leisure day I would pay her a visit. Through a long and lonely path I wandered, where the forest was still unbroken, except by now and then an Indian settlement, and not for many hours from an early rising sun, did I reach the spot I was seeking. When I approached, the aged woman was seated upon a naked log, on the shady side of her wigwam, with her arms folded and her head resting upon her bosom, and formed a strange looking picture, with her withered features and attenuated form, surrounded by the fresh green of a summer's morning, and the bright forest flowers blooming at her feet."

The Surgeon attempted to enter into conversation with her, but she answered his questions as briefly as possible, and thus the story continues:

"I began to despair of hearing anything but monosyllables from her lips, or of awakening any interest or animation in her mind, but at length I said, 'Are you afraid to die?'

"Now, for the first time, an expression of surprise lighted up her withered face, and turning her faded but now beaming eye upon me with a peculiarly earnest gaze, she said:

"No; why should I be afraid to die? The Great Spirit has been very good to me. He has taken care of me all my life, and kept me safe from harm through many dangers and troubles. He has given me food and everything necessary for me. I know I have many times done wrong, but I have been sorry, and am sure he has forgiven me, and now he opens the hearts of all the people to be very good to me, so that though I am too old and feeble to make provision for myself, they are kind to me, and do not let me want for anything. I do not know where the Great Spirit will take me, but wherever it may be, I believe his goodness will be continued unto me, and I am willing to go when he calls."

"With much enthusiasm this was spoken, and then the light again faded from her countenance, and she relapsed into her former indifference."

On reading this, we could not but meditate on what would be the course of this army surgeon had he been one of the, so called, missionaries of the Gospel, sent forth to teach total depravity and endless punishment. The first effort would have been to break up this calm repose, and put in its place a mortal fear. So quiet a spirit in view of death would not do, while the soul rested on such grounds of hope as this "poor Indian" did, who knew nothing of the mysteries of vicarious atonement, the Trinity, and associated contradictions. Much nearer to the gospel in its purity was this poor Indian's mind, than are those who fain would perform the task of "enlightening" her by a kind of preaching that makes the past goodness of God no assurance that he will continue to be good.



## THE GALLOWES AND THE PRISON.

It is a notable fact, and worthy of honourable record, that the attention of the British people is now sincerely directed to the duty of using every means which nature and religion have placed in their hands for reclaiming the criminal portion of society. Never were the nobles of our land so nobly employed as recently they have been in presiding over public meetings and attending committees, and uniting with all classes to give power and impetus to this philanthropic movement. Never were the people in pursuit of anything so ennobling, and that will redound to their honour and the welfare of the nation, as this work of faith and labour of love. Never was the power of the press so universally and clearly on the side of Christianity and humanity as in advocating the claims of the outcast, especially the juvenile outcasts, to the sympathy and consideration of the people. One of the darkest spots of our national history is the sacrifice that has been made of life and liberty, of humane character, and manly dignity, and Christian conduct, by severe penal enactments which have disgraced our statute books; laws written in blood, expressive of nothing but vindictive wrath. In the sixteenth century boys of eight years of age might be hanged, provided a malicious intention could be proved. We have read of judges in the last century who gave it as their opinion that boys under ten years of age, under certain proofs, might be liable to the punishment of death. About one hundred and fifty years ago a young man was hung at Edinburgh because he had avowed his infidelity, and although he recanted, nothing short of the gallows could suffice to satisfy the vindictive spirit of the Christians of Edinburgh. A few years before the Restoration of Charles the Second, no less than thirteen persons were executed in Suffolk for being reputed Gypsies; and even in the reign of George the Third it was felony to remain one month in the company of persons of that description.

Thank God we do live in a very different age. Our fellow-countrymen have turned with disgust from so much of the barbarism of the past, and are learning to

imitate the divine mercy which desires not the death of the sinner, but rather that he would turn from his ways and live. We are very safe in affirming now, however differently it may be written in our statute books, it is written in the hearts of the whole of the people, that for no crime but for murder shall any one lose his life, and we are prone to believe that the humanitarianism of the present age is drifting us onward to a different punishment for murder than the demoralising spectacle of a public gallows. A committee of the highest authority of our country is opposed to public executions. In nineteen of the states of the Great Republic are executions in private; and with pleasure we record that in the state of Maine capital punishment has been abolished for twenty years. Murders have not increased—no one wishes to return to the old system of dealing with murderers—convictions are more easily obtained, and the people feel as secure as in any other state. The death penalty has been abolished in the state of Rhode Island for nine years. At the time when the law was passed there were no less than six indictments for murder pending before the courts. Since that time there has never been more than one. In the state of Michigan capital punishment has been abolished for ten years. The result is satisfactory—there is no wish to return to the old law. More of the states are on the point of adopting the same course; and we hope Old England will not be stubborn, but learn lessons of mercy set her by her sons in the West.

The reclaiming of waste lands engaged the attention and ingenuity of our legislature and people for a long time; and those who cause an extra blade of grass to grow are honoured with the name of benefactors of our country. How much more so are they benefactors of humankind who endeavour to reclaim the criminals of society, of one human heart, who bless one family with a returned prodigal, one son or daughter saved from vice to virtue, how great their reward. The Gaol and the Gallows have never been salvation to any one—they are death and destruction. The Reformatory movement of our day may find a good helpmate in a gaol reformatory effort. It is a notorious and melancholy fact, although our



prisons are called penitentiaries, they utterly fail as to their penitentiary purpose for reform. Indeed we could rejoice if they were nothing more than mere places of confinement, labour and restraint. They have proved emphatically committee rooms of mischief. In them have been concocted the most dreadful crimes which have been ultimately carried out. In them the vilest schemes of profligacy are devised, and the grossest acts of depravity are perpetrated. Confederacies and combinations are here formed by the practised veteran with the novitiate in crime. Once in gaol is regarded as a step in the right direction to make a cunning and consummate thief. It is considered as the "school of crime" in which the youngest can learn much, and the oldest can learn something among so many veterans and companions of wickedness. Is this wise? is this politic? is this necessary that prisoners should come forth from places of confinement on society deeper dyed in the science of theft and sin by the influences which are allowed to surround them? Surely not.

Though we shudder that punishment is sometimes executed in blood, we may blush that it is completed in sin. The culprit doomed to die is surrounded with every extra religious, moral, social, and benevolent influence for a few days. We do not deplore it is so, although we have our great doubts about its good effect. He is a dying man, and commands a nation's sympathy which is about to put him to death, and so prepares him to die. There are ten times the pains taken with such a one to prepare him for death than with a whole prisonful of men, women, and children, to prepare them for society and life. There is something wrong here. It is the frivolous view taken of life which makes criminals, and makes death a solemn thing. We think it should be impressed upon the minds of the erring, who all think solemnly of death, that it is as solemn a thing to live as to die. Others, we grant, may hold a different view on this matter, but on the point previously mentioned the bringing of a number of abandoned characters into one community, perfecting them in their various schemes of wickedness, we must all agree is an error in criminal jurisprudence.

An entire prevention of intercourse among prisoners, a barrier placed in the way of an appeal to their worst principles and affections, the better and more generous principles of their nature called into exercise, we think will be the grand source of reformatory and prison success. Young offenders would thus be won to virtue, and old offenders would receive incalculable good. The benevolent Howard tried the system of kindness with effect; Mrs. Fry proved its efficacy too. We have such faith in the benevolent principle which is instituting Reformatories, and that is deeply at work in society, that we cannot, will not doubt for a moment that a state of things more honourable to our nation, as well as to the age in which we live, is about to be witnessed. The humane affections of thinking and intelligent men are at work. The enlightened sympathies of great and good minds are being aroused to action; and we have the best hopes that a work worthy a nation bearing the name of Christian will be effected in reference to the criminal portion of society. Let us all help, and pray, "God speed the work."

## KINDNESS TOWARDS CRIMINALS.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"Nor shall we suffer ourselves to be deterred from advocating the best method of effecting our object—viz. : the welfare and security of the community by the extinction of the criminal population,—so far as such extinction is possible,—by a class of objections which of late have been put prominently forward, and have met with a degree of deference and attention which intrinsically they do not deserve. We allude to the complaints which have been urged of the danger and impropriety of such a treatment of prisoners, and such a system of prison discipline, as are supposed to render the condition of criminals undergoing punishment in many respects more comfortable, if not actually more desirable, than that of the poor but honest labourers. For in the first place, some apparent approximation to such a practical paradox is the enviable result of regulations which all must admit to be absolutely indispensable, and simple matters of propriety and justice.



No one who is not prepared to contend that all arrangements for health, decency and good order ought to be abandoned, as operating unavoidably to render prisons less miserable than they would be otherwise—no one who does not desire to bring back those “good old times” (before the reforms which were introduced by Howard, and which have been in process of improvement and extension ever since,) when gaols were nurseries of every crime, Gehennas of every abomination, lazarettos of every loathesome and infectious pestilence—can deliberately and logically justify his disapproval of the system adopted in our better regulated places of confinement. Where numbers of men are congregated together for purposes of punishment, the strictest order is of course indispensable, and order is undeniably one great element and source of comfort. In order to promote decency and avoid disease, personal and local cleanliness must be rigidly enforced; ablutions must be regularly performed, and cells must be periodically and effectually swept; and after the first disinclination to an unwonted custom is got over, there is nothing which promotes comfort so powerfully as cleanliness. Then, if it were merely with a view to the purposes of punishment, it is essential to keep the convicts in good health, because sickness necessarily involves relaxation of infliction, and perhaps removal to a hospital, of which the very object is relief of suffering; and in order to preserve good health a kind and amount of wholesome and well-cooked food has been found indispensable, which it is undeniable that independent and struggling artisans cannot always procure.

Again, no one can doubt that when a number of individuals are handed over for considerable periods to the State authorities for purposes of *correction*, it is a matter alike of simple duty and of simple wisdom to take advantage of the opportunity to impart such moral, religious and intellectual instruction as may best bring them to a sense of the guilt of their past conduct, and induce them to enter on a worthier career for the future—even though this instruction, which is unavoidably gratuitous with them, the honest and free labourer would have to pay for in his own case, and often to pay for with difficulty. Lastly, where prisoners are con-

fined in separate cells, the most obvious considerations of humanity and safety point out that they should have the means, in case of accident or sudden illness, of summoning the turnkey to their aid. Hence, when cynical visitors contrast, for purposes of serious condemnation, the warmed and ventilated cell of the criminal in Pentonville, his comfortable hammock, his clean floor, his ingenious water-closet, his substantial and solitary meals, his Bible and his work for the solace of his solicitude, and his bell to call the attention of his gaoler, if he need his services,—with the often cold, gloomy, close and dirty room or hut of the workman without the walls, who, in spite of temptation, has never yet entitled himself to the privileged luxuries of crime—they are finding fault with arrangements which, in their secret minds, they know perfectly well cannot and ought not to be altered. They are indulging themselves at the expense of candour, justice and public duty, in the prerogative of “Her Majesty’s opposition”—that of blaming while in exile the precise course which they themselves would find it necessary to pursue were they in power.

“In the second place, those acquainted with the *ensemble* of prison regulations, and several even of those items which Mr. Carlyle describes with such evident gusto, are far from being matters of enjoyment or attraction to the prisoners themselves. They are benefits, unquestionably, but, as unquestionably, no temptations. It is true they are kept clean, but this very compulsory cleanliness is of itself a nuisance and a penalty to the habitually filthy and the inveterately idle—which criminals generally are. It is true they have a sufficiency of wholesome food, but they are debarred from what they value beyond everything—luxuries and stimulants. Accustomed for years to place their chief enjoyment in dainties and extravagancies, in exciting banquets, in smoking, chewing tobacco, and in drinking, in wasteful excess of every feverish and unwholesome sort, they feel severely the confinement to a simple diet and the rigid denial of tobacco and strong drinks. It is true they have their lessons and their schoolmaster; but it is not to men accustomed to the wild, reckless life of the social outlaw that schooling can ever



be other than intolerably irksome. It is true they have their loom, or their shoelast, or their tailor's board in their cell; but they have often their crank too. If labour is enforced, it is to the indolent and self-indulgent a severe infliction; if asked for, as it often is, as a solace and a refuge from solitude and oppressive thoughts, it is a measure of the suffering from which it is welcomed as a relief. The mere system of restraint, the forced *regularity* of a prison life, is an hourly penalty to men to whom license of every kind has become a passion, and almost a disease; and to be compelled to observe certain hours, to conform to certain rules, to do certain things at fixed times, is to them, of itself a galling punishment, the hatefulness of which is scarcely conceivable to those brought up in habits of regular industry and unceasing, though perhaps unconscious, self-control. And, lastly, to those with so few becoming tastes and so few mental resources as prisoners generally possess, we can scarcely conceive any severer privation than that of being entirely debarred from the company of friends and associates, and reduced to a solicitude broken only by the occasional visits of a silent turnkey, an exacting schoolmaster, or a possibly grave, ungenial and hortatory chaplain.

"In former times, no doubt, as in slovenly and ill-conducted gaols at present, there may have been many features which rendered imprisonment scarcely a matter of dread to the criminal, and almost at times a thing to be desired by the destitute and half-starved peasant. But we are now speaking of an amended state of things, and of those prisons where separation is adopted, and where other fitting regulations are enforced; of such prisons, in fact, as Mr. Carlyle has selected for his mischievous representations;—and, considered with reference to these, there can be no serious doubt in the mind of any one that no offender, knowing what they are, will willingly incur the risk of entering them, and that no honest labourer, even in his hours of hardest toil and severest privation, would ever deliberately fancy the condition of their inmates as even momentarily preferable to his own. The objections, therefore, which have been suggested to well-ordered prisons, are wholly specu-

lative; they may afford tempting and irresistible topics of declamation to habitual *fondeurs*, or to men whose love of ingenious paradox has been suffered to grow into a disease; but those conversant with the question know them to be devoid of any practical weight or value. No man leading a life of honest though severe toil was ever yet tempted into crime by a belief that the position of the convict in a model prison was really more enviable or less wretched than his own."

### LEARN A TRADE.

"He who has a trade has an estate."—*Franklin.*

This is one of the many correct and judicious sayings of that truly great man, whose judgment of mankind was formed from experience, and whose writings are held up to the admiration of the world.

Happy would it be (and how much misery avoided) if more of our youth were properly placed in situations congenial to their minds and genius, wherein they could learn the art of a mechanic. In this respect, much judgment ought to be exercised, that a wrong turn be not given to the mind, but that a due regard be had to the natural bent of genius. To thwart this, is to destroy the pride and ambition; from which results disaffection and often ruin. Whatever the feelings of a parent may be for his child, his own experience will teach him the propriety of his son's having a calling that enables him to support not only himself but, perhaps, a family. I have seen the young man born to an affluent fortune, who was early apprenticed to a respectable and scientific mechanic, to learn what is generally termed a trade. Although there was no apparent need of such a step, as the father was an independent man, still the old gentleman conceived it was necessary, and often made the observation, "that he who has a trade has an estate." The young man duly served his time, and became a complete master of his trade, and this son had the happiness to contribute to the ease and support of his truly respectable parent in his old age, who had lost, through misfortune, his immense property: and while performing this pleasing sacred duty, his talents and industry raised him to an enviable position in life.



## EXPLANATIONS.

## EVER, FOR EVER, EVERLASTING, UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.

The doctrine of endless misery has been deduced and is defended chiefly from the following words and phrases which possess a great variety of meanings. It is generally assumed that these words mean *endless* duration, when applied to *punishment*, but that is taking for granted the thing which should be proved.

EVER.—That this word is used to denote limited time is evident from the following passages:—Christ says, "I *ever* taught in the synagogue."—John xviii. 20. Again, "the fire shall *ever* be burning on the altar."—Lev. vi. 13.

NEVER.—Moses, speaking of the fire on the Jewish altar, says, "It shall *never* go out."—Lev. vi. 13. To David it was said, "the sword shall *never* depart from thy house."—2 Sam. xii. 10.

FOREVER.—This word is frequently used to express limited time; Jonah says, "I went down to the bottom of the mountains, and the earth with her bars was about me *forever*."—Jonah ii. 6. Here *forever* signifies only three days. It is applied to the possession of the land of Canaan. "I will give thee the land *forever*."—Gen. xiii. 15. The Jews have ceased to possess that land.

FOREVER AND EVER.—The words *forever* and *ever* are also used in a limited sense. "Now go write it on a table and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come, *forever* and *ever*."—Isa. xxx. 8. Again,—"It (the fire that was to burn the land of Idumea) shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up *forever*; none shall pass through it *forever* and *ever*."—Isa. xxxiv. 10.

EVERLASTING.—This word is applied to a great many things—and in a majority of instances to things of a limited nature. This word, like many others, takes its meaning from the subject with which it stands connected. Accordingly, in the Bible we read of "*everlasting* mountains."—Heb. iii. 6, Psalms cv. 10. We also read of an "*everlasting* Priesthood," which ended 1800 years ago. Exodus xl. 15. Again, the land of Canaan was given to the Jews for an "*everlasting* possession," and yet they do not possess a foot of it at the present day. Again, the word *everlasting* is applied to the *doors* that swing in the Jewish Temple. Ps. xxiv. 7. We find the words *ever*, *forever*, and *everlasting* frequently applied to things of a limited nature; then, on what ground should we be refused to use these words in a very similar sense when applied to the punishment of the wicked.

The following admissions of eminent scholars and commentators are worthy of deep attention. The Hebrew word *Olim*, and the Greek word *Aion*, from which the words *everlasting*, *forever*, &c., &c., have received the following observations:

The word *Olim* occurs in the Old Testament about six hundred times, and the learned Parkhurst says, "It is much oftener used to denote indefinite than infinite time."

The word *Aion*, "Its radical meaning," says Dr. Campbell, "is indefinite duration."

Dr. A. Clarke says, "The Hebrew *Olim* and the Greek *Aion* are both used to express limited time."

Macknight says, "These words being ambiguous, are *always* to be understood according to the nature and circumstances of the things to which they are applied. And I must be so candid as to acknowledge that those who understand these words (*everlasting*, *forever*) in a limited sense

when applied to punishment, put no forced interpretation upon them."

Cruden says—"The words *eternal*, *everlasting*, *forever*, are sometimes taken for a long time, and are not always to be understood strictly."

The Rev. John Foster, an eminent Baptist minister, says—"The terms *everlasting*, *forever*, &c., whether original or translated, are often employed in the Bible, as well as in other writings, to express limited time. I therefore conclude that a limited interpretation of these words, when connected with punishment, is authorised."

HELL.—Translated generally from the words *Sheol* or *Hades*, both signifying the same thing. In their technical use among the Jews, these terms signified, in the words of Dr. Campbell, "the state of the dead, without regard to the goodness or badness of their persons, their happiness or misery." The doctor has clearly shown that neither of these words ever ought to be rendered *hell* in the sense in which that word is now understood in the English language, i. e. the place of the damned.

When our ordinary version of Scripture was made two centuries and a half ago, the word *hell* signified something concealed, hidden, dark; in which sense it well answered to the literal signification of the words *Sheol* or *Hades*.

The Apostles' Creed well expresses it in that article, "Christ descended into *hell*"—i. e., to the state of the dead. It is necessary now to offer this explanation to the word *hell*: it was not necessary when the creed was framed or translated.

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.—This phrase has led many to believe in the eternal suffering of the wicked in an ever-burning fire. We will give two passages, enough for our purpose, to show that in common usage it meant simply continual, or was used to describe a fire which was not allowed for the time being to go out, but without any reference to absolute duration.

Josephus, (A.D. 80) speaking of a certain festival among the Jews, says, it was the custom for every one to bring wood for the altar, that there might never be want of fuel for the fire, for it continued always *unquenchable*. (Jewish War, b. 2nd, ch. 17, 6.) Though the fire had ceased when he wrote this, and the altar had been destroyed with the temple.

Eusebius, (A.D. 325) describing the martyrdom of Cronon and Julian at Alexandria, says that they were carried on camels throughout the whole city, and in this elevated position were scourged, and at last consumed in *unquenchable* fire. (Eusb. Eccle. Hist., b. 6, ch. 41.)

It is important for the reader to remember that the words *aion*—*aionios*, from which *everlasting* and for *ever* are translated, are derived from the Hebrew word *olim*, which Drs. Stuart, Taylor, Parkhurst, and other lexicon writers admit does not of itself signify an endless duration. Hence the meaning of *aionios* and *aionion*, like all other adjectives, must be determined by the subject with which they stand connected. As for example, we say a great nut—a great apple—a great mountain! But do we mean the nut or apple is as large as the mountain, because we apply to them the same adjective? Far from it. So of the word *aionios*—*everlasting*—when this word is applied to Deity it means endless—when applied to the Jewish Priesthood it signifies some thousand of years—when applied to the term of service to be rendered by a slave, it signified a lifetime—when applied to the time Jonah was in the fish's belly, it signified but three days! It never signifies endless when applied to punishment, because from its very nature it is corrective, and must and will come to an end.



## LITERARY EXTRACTS.

## CHRIST AND MAHOMET.

"Go," says he, "to your *natural* religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has reviewed them in this scene, carry her into his retirement; show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and his wives, and let him hear him allege revelation and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble, meek, doing good to the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retired privacies, and let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotion and supplications. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors:—*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* When natural religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke and said,—*Truly this man was the Son of God.*"  
—*Sherlock.*

## MATERIALISM.

To think a gross body may be ground and pounded into rationality, a slow body may be thumped and driven into passion, a rough body may be filed and polished into a faculty of discerning and resenting things; that a cluster, of pretty, thin, round atoms, (as Democritus forsooth conceived,) that a well-mixed combination of elements, (as Empedocles fancied,) that a harmonious contemperation (or *erasis*) of humours, (as Galen, dreaming, it seems, upon his drugs and his potions, would persuade us,) that an implement made up I know not what fine springs, and wheels, and such mechanick knacks (as some of our modern wizards have been busied in divining) should, without more to do, become the subject of so rare capacities and endowments, the author of actions so worthy, and works so wonderful capable of wisdom and virtue, of knowledge so vast, and of desires so lofty; apt to contemplate truth, and effect good; able to recollect things past, and to foresee things future; to search so deep into the causes of things, and disclose so many mysteries of nature; to invent so many arts and sciences, to contrive such projects of policy, and achieve such feats of prowess; briefly, should become capable to design, undertake, and perform all those admirable effects of human wit and industry which we daily see and hear of; now, senseless and absurd conceits are these; how can we, without great indignation and regret, entertain such suppositions! No, no; 'tis both ridiculous fondness, and monstrous baseness for us to own any parentage from, or any alliance to things so mean, so very much below us.

BARROW.

## SOCIAL CIRCLE.

## MARRIAGE.

I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So! John has taken to himself a wife," cries one. "Ah, there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack-a-day," exclaims an old lady, "So Betty has got a husband at last," and each is anxious to know all the particulars—who married them—who was there—how the bride was dressed, and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed, that the men seem to sympathise chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be, in the same delicate and interesting situation of the persons for whom their sympathies are excited. The reason is not difficult to explain. There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for weal or woe; or, in the good old set terms of the ceremonial, "for better or for worse." Then, too, the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other. Looking forward to, through the kaleidoscope of Hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery, which charms like illusions of the Persian Genii in the Fairy Tales. The young man hopes his turn may come, and I dare not sketch the picture of bliss his fancy draws. The girl from budding fifteen, through blushing twenty up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill, vibrating like the treble chord of the piano, through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker, she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for, ever casts its passing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry, she laughs and wonders what ails her, for how is she interested! The old married people are differently affected, and yet they are affected. Memory busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of Time (and that Time is a very industrious spider,) from the picture of their connubial bliss. The husband chucks his deary under the chin, and instead of addressing himself to her as "Mrs. Maulty," or whatever her name may be, calls her virgin name—"My dear Lucy Howard," and she answers with a modest caress, which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by. Meanwhile the old Bachelor and old Maid forget the chair is not big enough for them. The old codger whom no one pities, but every one in turn laughs at as a "fusty old bachelor," very probably recalls to recollection one, who in the days of youth reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection. One who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footstep from among an hundred; who loved—promised—withered before the nuptial hour, and died. Or the lone virgin, designated by the unfeeling world as "an Old Maid," may mourn in the depth of suppressed grief, a ruddy youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love can alone impart. All, all are interested.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.—Colonel Sir R. H. Rawlinson observed, the other day, at a meeting in Exeter Hall, that twenty years ago Protestantism was unknown in Turkey.

It is reported, on good authority, that the cause of Anti-Slavery has made more progress in the United States these last three months, than it really had done for the last thirty years. And they feel quite certain of an Anti-Slavery President in 1860.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was amazed that an alarm of fire could give the people so much anxiety and so quickly empty the large hall. There was no occasion for wonder. It was the alarm of fire in another world that filled the hall, so that the cry of fire at hand was sufficient to empty it.

Dr. Lushington said the other day on Archdeacon Denison's trial, who was referred to what the Bible says, "It is not," said he, "what the Bible says, but what the 29 Articles of the Church of England say," Many seem to be astonished at this speech, but it is just what a host of Drs. say when excommunicating others from their churches. Not what the Bible says, but what the Laws of our Church say.

Dr. Manley took occasion, two or three days before the death of the celebrated Thomas Paine, to ask him emphatically whether he believed or wished to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God? After a pause of some minutes he answered, "I have no wish to believe in that subject." His will is dated the 11th January, 1809, and begins thus:—"The last Will and Testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator, God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other."

The Rev. Joshua Upson, of Cincinnati has starved himself to death in endeavouring, by the direction of spirits, to make himself a first-class spirit medium. Professedly by their information, he pointed out with singular accuracy many of the symptoms that would manifest themselves in his own case, sometimes for weeks before they actually occurred. With limbs hardly larger than an infant's, unable to rise from his bed, and frequently suffering exquisite tortures yet supported, as he said, by the "spirits," he exhibited the most extraordinary hope, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm. The "spirits" constantly signified to him that he would recover to fulfil his mission, to afford a wonderful specimen of a spiritually developed man, and to proclaim the truth to a world sunk in doubt and unbelief. In this the "spirits" were mistaken, but there is not the slightest reason to doubt Mr. Upson's sincerity. Though the victim of what seems to us a delusion, he was, we have reason to believe, an honest and good man.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—I soon got into conversation, says the Rev. R. Wright, with my hostess on religious subjects, and Dr. Priestley's name happened to be mentioned. I perceived it excited alarm, which led me to ask if any of them had known him, or seen any of his writings. They had not, but learned he was a very bad man. I said, of his doctrines I will now say nothing; but I will give some account of his character, which I did, and it had a good effect. After I talked some time, my hostess said, "I hope, sir, you are not an Arian." I replied, "No, I am not; I never was an Arian." She rejoined, "Had you been an Arian, I dared not have let you sleep in my house." Had she known as much of me as she did some time after, she would have thought me still worse than an Arian; but at that time she had no idea of anything more frightful than an Arian.

WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN?—He who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is the most unfaltering.

There is a Female Clairvoyant in Hartford who professes to describe absent persons and their ills upon the presence of a lock of their hair. A delicate braid of the covering of a soft silken haired spaniel was taken to her by a sad and solemn looking man, who asked to know about his sick sister in the south of France. The *Press* gives the testimony of the clairvoyant. *Description of the Dog*.—"She is a tall, thin, good-looking person, rather pale, with long black hair, delicately formed, and of the most accomplished acquirements. Her death would break her mother's heart. I would advise she be brought to this country to save her life."

SALE OF A SLAVE.—AN INCIDENT IN NEW ORLEANS.—The *New Orleans Bulletin* of the 20th inst. says: Passing through the Arcade Saloon, we noticed at one of the auction-stands a negro girl up for sale, and around a closely packed crowd that appeared to be deeply interested in what was going on. Curiosity led us to pause and inquire what was the cause of the apparent excitement. The bids were going on in a spirited manner, and generally at an advance of only five dollars a bid, and at every bid the eyes of the crowd would quickly turn in the direction whence the bid proceeded, the interest and the excitement being, in the meantime, upon the increase. The girl, a bright, intelligent mulatress, about fourteen years' old, was evidently not indifferent to what was transpiring. There was no moisture in her eyes, but they assumed an expression which indicated that she felt some anxiety in regard to the result of the sale, which is not generally the case. As the bids reached near a thousand dollars, the excitement became intense, and as that figure was called, a spontaneous hiss was heard from one end of the room to the other, followed by a vehement shout of "Turn him out!" "Turn him out!" A rush was made for the door; the hammer had fallen, and the girl also, into the arms of—her mother, who had become her purchaser. The explanation of it all was, that the woman had been freed by her owner, and had earned money enough to buy her child, the mulatress in question, and being a very valuable servant, several persons were anxious to obtain her, but all of them, with one exception, had pledged the mother that they would not bid against her, and they honourably kept that faith. The mother was so much affected by the joy of having succeeded in retaining possession of her child, that she swooned away, and was carried out of the saloon.

The following extract from the *Doomsday Book*, St. Julian's, Shrewsbury, may excite a smile:

"The divelle did put his clawe uppone the clapper of the great belle, and from his clawe there yssued a flame of fyre, which dydde melt yverie belle in the church, threw the spyre uppone the ground, and meltedyd mooch of the brasse work candyl styks—because an holie and ryghteous Monk hadde in a sermon spoken tauntinglie of his power and authoritie uppone earthe."

Thus did our pious and philosophic ancestors solve an electric cloud!

In Ashmole's *Diary of his Life*, is the following passage:—"1581, April 11. I tooke earlie in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hngg three spyders about my neck, and they drove my ague awaye. Deo gratias.



## DIAMOND DUST.

Traits of character which you seek to conceal, you had much better seek to reform.

Flowers are the alphabets of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truth.

The only real happiness consists in the practice of benevolence, and the only real glory in the admiration it excites.

Like the ocean, love embraces the earth; and by love, as by the ocean, whatever is sordid and unsound is borne away.

Only the idler or the coward rails against his fortune.

Happiness is not promised to the learned, but to the good.

Practice flows from principle, for as a man thinks, so will he act.

Eloquence consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you feel it.

When doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit the mind labours, and every day gets worse.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions, that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

It is impossible for a man to be made happy by putting him into a happy place, unless he be in a happy state.

The more mysterious the more imperfect; that which is mystically spoken is but half spoken, as darkness is in comparison with light, so is mystery in comparison with knowledge.

Neither God nor man doth alter any man's mind otherwise than by reason, persuasion, and satisfaction; for intellectual nature is commanded by nothing but by reason and consideration.

Where Scripture doth not direct, God refers us to the direction of nature. Therefore, where you have not a text of scripture for what you do, be rational in what you do.

Every virtue gives man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind not to be moved by any adversity.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a cæm house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character?

A REAL PHILANTHROPIST.—I see in this world two heaps—one of human happiness and the other of human misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, or add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child droppeth a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this.

SUBMISSION TO CIRCUMSTANCES.—Dr. Johnson used to say, that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was once on fire, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

## ROUSSEAU'S TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

"I confess that the majesty of the Scriptures astonish me, that the sanctity of the gospel speaks to my heart. View the books of the philosophers with all their pomp: what a littleness have they when compared with this! Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of men? Is it possible that he, whose history it records, should be himself a mere man? Is this the style of the enthusiast, of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity, in his manners! what affecting *grace* in his instructions! what elevation in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses! what presence of mind, what delicacy, and what justness in his replies! what empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the philosopher, who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die without weakness and without ostentation! When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with all the ignominy of guilt, and deserving all the honours of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every stroke of his pencil: the resemblance is so strong that all the fathers have perceived it, and that it is not possible to mistake it. What prejudices, what blindness must they have who dare to draw a comparison between the son of Sophroniscus and the son of Mary? What distance is there between the one and the other! As Socrates died without pain and without disgrace, he found no difficulty in supporting his character to the end; and, if this easy death had not shed a lustre on his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was anything but a sophist. They say that he invented morality. Others before him had practised it: he only said what they had done; he only read lessons on their examples. Aristides had been just, before Socrates explained the nature of justice; Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it the duty of men to love their country; Sparta had been temperate, before Socrates praised temperance; Greece had abounded in virtuous men, before he defined virtue. But where could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that elevated and pure morality, of which he alone furnished both the precepts and the example? The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues honoured the vilest of all people. The death of Socrates, serenely philosophising with his friends, is the most gentle that one can desire; that of Jesus expiring in torments, injured, derided, reviled by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. When Socrates takes the poisoned cup, he blesses him who presents it, and who at the same time weeps; Jesus, in the midst of a horrid punishment, prays for his enraged executioners. Yes; if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God. Shall we say that the history of the gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent; and the actions of Socrates, concerning which no one doubts, are less attested than those of Jesus Christ. After all, this is shifting the difficulty instead of solving it; for it would be more inconceivable that a number of men should forge this book in concert, than that one should furnish the subject of it. Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner, and such morality; and the gospel has characters of truth so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonishing than its hero."



### WOULD YOU, BROTHER ?

Who would scorn his humble fellow  
For the coat he wears,  
For the poverty he suffers,  
For his daily cares ;  
Who would pass him in the footway  
With averted eye,  
Would you, brother ? no you would not ;  
If you would, not I.

Who, when vice and crime repentant,  
With a grief sincere,  
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—  
More than heaven severe ;  
Who, to erring woman's sorrow  
Would with taunt reply ;  
Would you, brother ? no you would not ;  
If you would, not I.

Who would say that all who differ  
From his sect, must be  
Wicked sinners, heaven-rejected,  
Sunk in error's sea,  
And consign them to perdition,  
With a holy sigh ?  
Would you, brother ? no you would not ;  
If you would, not I.

Who would say that six days' cheating,  
In the shop or mart,  
Might be rubb'd, by Sunday's praying,  
From the tainted heart ;  
If the Sunday face were solemn,  
And the credit high ;  
Would you, brother ? no you would not ;  
If you would, not I.

Who would say that vice is virtue,  
In a hall of state ?  
Or that rogues are not dishonest  
If they dine off plate ?  
Who would say success and merit  
Ne'er part company ;  
Would you, brother ? no you would not ;  
If you would, not I.

Who would give a cause his efforts,  
When the cause was strong,  
But desert it on its failure,  
Whether right or wrong ;  
Ever sitting with the upmost,  
Letting downmost lie ;  
Would you, brother ? no you would not ;  
If you would, not I.

Who would bend his arm, to strengthen  
Warfare with the right,  
Who would give his pen to blacken  
Freedom's page of light ?

Who would lend his tongue to utter  
Praise of tyranny ?  
Would you, brother ? No, you would not.  
If you would, not I.—C. MACKAY.

### VOWS.

They wandered 'neath the woodland  
boughs,

A maiden and her lover,  
Soft seemed the path beneath her feet,  
And bright the sky above her ;  
He spoke, and she kept listening still,  
Breathing her low reply—"I will."

"Thou'lt be my bonny bride"—quoth he,

"My gentle, loving wife—  
The sunshine of my happy home—  
The comfort of my life ;"

His eyes were on her, calm and still,  
She whispered softly—"Love, I will."

He took her hand—"Those fingers small

Shall soothe my troubled brow,  
If coming years bring darker clouds  
And deeper griefs than now ;  
But thou'lt be near to cheer me still ;"  
She answered, faintly—"Love, I will."

"Those soft, sweet eyes of thine," he said,

"So tender and so true,  
(Methinks I never saw till now  
How deep their violet blue,)  
They'll beam thro' life as fondly still."  
She looked up, smiling—"Love, they will."

"And when the hour of sickness comes,  
It may be, too, of death ;  
Thou wilt be near to tend and soothe,  
As I breathe my latest breath."  
The hand in his lay cold and still,  
And tears half choked her wild "I will."

Now, ye who read all I have told  
About this lady's lover,  
A very strange, though common thing,  
Will surely here discover :  
He told her all *she'd be to him*,  
And yet I must aver,  
He never said a single word  
Of all *he'd be to her*.

### NOTICE.

We are requested to supply back numbers of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, which has been successful above our anticipations. We beg to inform our friends that, in case orders are received amounting to 500 copies more, we will reprint the whole of the back numbers and sell them at the same price. Our friends in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Scilly Isles will oblige by writing us if there are prospects of an increased circulation among them, that we may at once reprint.

R. SPEARS, SUNDERLAND.